"spot" for UNICEF. Twice in one evening must have been too much, because when Serge saw him, he shouted too, and started to talk fast. He let Michael into the office, still talking fast, and waving his arms like a manic film director. Michael was ready for his close-up now.

I imagined the rest. It was hard to remain calm, because as soon as he got into the office Michael would start to shout at someone named Peter to "Get out of my room, Peter." Then he'd tell "Peter" he didn't know what he was looking for. He wasn't a thief. I assumed that he was laying it on a bit thick for our benefit. He was intelligent enough, and probably calculating enough too, to know that now was his chance to make a big scene, in our crummy little office, where his shouts and screams would be deafening, and we couldn't avoid his face.

I later found out that "Peter" was the name of my predecessor. Adam described him as a "train wreck." He had been notably insecure and eccentric in a field full of insecure eccentrics. Caspar didn't like him either. He said he'd have made a great psychiatrist, if he hadn't been a schizophrenic. He said he was shrewd. He was very perceptive about personality. I wondered if Caspar was as usual partly right. Maybe schizophrenia made him acute.

On the way back from that funeral home in the middle of nowhere Caspar told me what he'd told him. That Adam was really full of anger. That explained his quietness. It was